Dear Miss Brunson

Many weeks ago I addressed this envelope to you, why I do not now recall. Today I finished my sixth book, COUP D'ETAT: I ACCUSE THE CIA. In rumraging through my desk looking for things I might have forgotten, I found the envelope. If there was something I was to have written you about and forgot, I'm sorrt.

Haven t heard much from you since you developed a collaborator.

Since I wrote I've bean to New Orleans a course of time and developed a considerable amount of new information, and witnesses, and proofs of what I had suspected. These will have to await the future.

We've had new tragedies and I do not feel happy about ac urately predicting them.

Withall, we have no new allies. Dante said it: the hottest corner of hell is reserved for throse, who preserve their neutrality in times of moral crisis. Bobby also said it, in speaking at columbia University in October 1864. Unfortunately, he didn't understand it.

And yet, I think we move sheed. Unfortunately, feacism also does, and they have the power. The recent defense maneuvarings in New Orleans have had an adverse effect on the defense's public-relations program. They have helped us. Even Shew's freends are asking questions.

I have no idea when, how or if the sixth book will be published.

Its completion means no letup. I now have additions to make to the fith, which was drafter before we moved, last September.

I did do a short response to Epstein in the coming BOOKS.

And there appears to be confirmation that Shaw did tall the police he used the alias Clay Bertrand.

Indications are a date in September will be set for the trial, I'd imagine about the middle. The defense will go to the Supreme Court, unless they come up with other keely motions. I almost hope they do. The choser that case comes to trial, the closer deathers to several of the principals.

Hope you are well.

Sincerely.

Harold Weisberg